FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON

MDCCCLXXXIX

Alumnae Association
of
Mount Vernon Seminary

First Annual Report

OF THE

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Mount Vernon Seminary

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GILLISS BROTHERS & TURNURE
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EDITORIAL

ON May 8, 1885, in response to a call from Miss Minnie E. Naylor, the first graduate of Mount Vernon Seminary, and Miss Frances C. Scoville, representing the class of '84, then the last class, a number of the graduates met for the purpose of organizing an alumnae association.

It had long been their wish to have some permanent bond to unite them with each other and with the school. There was therefore an enthusiastic response to this first call, and it was the unanimous opinion of those present that the proposed association would be the source of much benefit and enjoyment.

A committee consisting of Miss Eleanor Foster, Miss Cornelia I. Morgan and Miss Frances C. Scoville was elected to draft a constitution, and the first officers were then chosen, as follows: President, Miss Naylor; Vice-Presidents, Miss Eleanor Foster and Miss Hattie B. Walker; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ida Hawley; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Addie Tune Walker; Treasurer, Miss Carrie Morgan.

The constitution provides for an annual re-union to be held in June, on the Saturday before Commencement. The first of these meetings occurred in June, 1885, one month after the organization of the association. There was a large attendance on this occasion, as there has been on all succeeding ones, and the interest shown by the members has increased with each year. The programs have been very interesting, and it is with great regret that we find we must omit from this report the essays of previous years.

Just here it would not be out of place to insert a word of explanation concerning the tardy appearance of our Annual. Materials had been collected and prepared by the editorial committee, but it was found that the amount in the treasury was too small to cover the expenses of publication. A call was therefore made for additional subscriptions, as many of the non-resident Alumnae will doubtless remember, but, as few replies were received, the amount available was still insufficient, and the Annual could not be printed.

This year the resident members determined to make extra efforts, and, if necessary, to double their own annual fee. It was not intended that those who had already responded should be again called upon, but as no account was kept of the receipts, it was found necessary to write to all. Hereafter the treasurer will send out bills annually to each member, which, upon payment, will be receipted and returned.

In an association boasting ninety members surely a deficiency should not occur. Our By-Laws call for a yearly fee of one dollar from each member. If this amount be paid promptly by all, our report can be published without delay in the future.

Those members who have few opportunities of hearing from the Alma Mater will be glad to learn of its prosperity; of the fine new school-building with its chapel and bright, cheerful recitation rooms, which add much to the comfort of the pupils—now nearly one hundred and fifty in number; and that our beloved Principal is still extending her Christian influence into many hearts and homes.

MRS. LOUISE PRENTISS TRUE,
MISS HATTIE B. WALKER,
MISS ANNA M. KENNEDY,
Editorial Committee, 1888.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

OFFICERS FOR 1889

PRESIDENT

MRS. LOUISE PRENTISS TRUE

VICE-PRESIDENTS

MISS CORNELIA I. MORGAN

MISS NANNIE SKILLMAN

RECORDING SECRETARY

MISS RACHEL COFFIN

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

MRS. MINNIE NAYLOR SWARTZELL

TREASURER

MRS. MAGGIE CLARKE CHURCH

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MISS ADDIE P. BURR, Chairman

MISS HATTIE B. WALKER

MISS ANNA KENNEDY

LIST OF MEMBERS *

Honorary Members

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Somers, - 1100 M Street, N. W.
Miss S. A. Scull, - - - - - - - Smethport, Pa.
Miss S. A. Easton, - - - - - - - Cawnpore, India
Mrs. Clara Bliss Hinds, M.D., 1331 N Street, N. W.

Active Members

1876

Minnie E. Naylor (Mrs. G. W. F. Swartzell), 1107 N Street, N. W.

1877

Margaret Clarke (Mrs. W. A. H. Church), 212 Eleventh Street, S. W.
Mabel Eddy, - - - - - - - - - Richmond, Ind.
Juliet Everts (Mrs. Robb), - - - Cincinnati, Ohio
Carrie B. Gillis (Mrs. David Murray), Binghamton, N. Y.
Mary Stewart (Mrs. John Carey), 660 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

1878

Ida Monson Andrus, 211 Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.
Florence Catherine Nokes (Mrs. Arthur Murphy), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lura Nash, - - - - - - - - - - Ottawa, Ill.
Mary F. Rankin (Mrs. Harvey Goulder), 210 Sawtell Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

* When not otherwise expressly stated, all addresses are in Washington, D. C.

1879

Anna Woodburn Baggs, 100 N. Alabama Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Carrie Pryor Bryan (Mrs. Preston Moses), Boston, Mass.
Ida Margaret Hawley, - - - 16 Third Street, N. E.
Mary Landers (Mrs. John Beall), 3033 N Street, N. W.
Caroline Waugh Morgan, - 1341 Q Street, N. W.
Adeline E. Smith (Mrs. A. R. Holden), Hyattsville, Md.
Julia May Somers (Mrs. Horace G. Candee), Alma, Neb.
Therese E. Tilly, - - - 617 Twenty-first Street
Villa Welch (Mrs. Harvey Murray), 160 Park Street, Portland, Me.

1880

Myra Goodwin (Mrs. Samuel Plantz), 26 Hendrie Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Alice Maud Nokes (Mrs. Nathan Hall), Magdelena, Soccoro County, New Mex.
Sadie Ross Rabb, - - - - - - Vincennes, Ind.
Cora M. Walker (Mrs. F. L. Hayes), 6 Tupilo Street, Boston, Mass.
Mary Wheeler, - 948 Franklin Street, Baltimore, Md.
Anna M. Kennedy, - - - - 321 C Street, N. W.

1881

Anna Seymour Ames, 622 Ninth Street, Des Moines, Iowa
Fannie Robinson Chase (Mrs. G. B. Poole), 945 Rhode Island Avenue
Adele May Grandin, - - - - - Glendale, Ohio
Alma Marie Hogue (Mrs. Baxter), Michigan City, Ind.
Ella V. Marlow (Mrs. Wm. Harrison), 122 Fifth Street, S. E.
Cornelia Irby Morgan, - - 315 4½ Street, N. W.
Frances Adelaide Tune (Mrs. W. Frank Walker), 705 Q Street, N. W.

Nellie M. Vila (Mrs. Willis Lord Moore), Hutchinson, Kan.

Hattie Belle Walker, - - 519 Third Street, N. W.

1882

Gertrude Burnett (Mrs. Wm. E. Beach), 185 Columbia Street, Lafayette, Ind.

Regina Calder, 105 N. Front Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Jessie Pixley Lacey, - - - - - - Charlotte, Mich.

Elizabeth Beall Leach, - - - - - Frederick, Md.

Carolyn E. Porte, - - - - - 1100 M Street, N. W.

1883

Mary Little Cammack, - - - (*Died, March, 1887*)

Hallie M. Elliott (Mrs. Frank Ridgley), Springfield, Ill.

Edith Foster (Mrs. Allen Macy Dulles), Watertown, N. Y.

Mabel Vincent Jones (Mrs. John C. Cook), Springfield, Ill.

Mary Jennings, - 826 Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Florence Helen Nash, - - - - - - - - Ottawa, Ill.

1884

Marian A. Dean, - - P. O. Box 886, San Jose, Cal.

Eleanor Foster, - - - - - - 1405 I Street, N. W.

Frances C. Scoville, - - - - - - Evansville, Ind.

Emma M. Grandin, - - - - - - Glendale, Ohio

Edith M. Lacy, - - - - - - - - Charlotte, Mich.

Jennie E. Nisbet (Mrs. J. H. Zarecor), Nashville, Tenn.

Louise E. Prentiss (Mrs. Frederick W. True), 1101 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

Margaret G. Galt (Mrs. E. Chester Stott), Taneytown, Carroll County, Md.

1885

Mabel Crampton, - - - - - - - - - Moline, Ill.

Grace Finley, - - - 1213 Eleventh Street, N. W.

Agnes Inch, - - - - - - - 1748 P Street, N. W.

Mary Isabel Potter, - - - - Schenectady, N. Y.

Gracia F. Torinus (Mrs. Hiram King), 327 Fourth and Linden Streets, Stillwater, Minn.

Louise B. Wilson (Mrs. Lloyd Bowers), Winona, Minn.

1886

Mabel Canon, - - - Willard's Hotel, Washington
Carrie Allen (Mrs. W. D. Van Horn), Wellsboro', Pa.
Catherine Morgan, Waterbury, Anne Arundel County, Md.
Nettie Stinemetz, - - - - - 1515 O Street, N. W.
Marie Wilkinson, - - - - - 1526 K Street, N. W.
Hattie Staples, - - - - - - - - Dubuque, Iowa
Margaret Thompson, 499 East Avenue, Galveston, Tex.
Mellie Haydock (Mrs. J. P. Camp), 1419 Mississippi Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Lina E. Wilson, 2917 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

1887

Augusta Eighmey, 1337 Maine Street, Dubuque, Iowa
Grace Willis, - - - - - - - - Wellsboro, Pa.
Mary Norton, - - - - - - - - Winona, Minn.
Sarah Wartman, - - - - - - - Evansville, Ind.
Alethea Luce, - - - - - - - Crawfordsville, Ind.
Annie Price, - - - - - - - - 308 A Street, N. E.

1888

Clara Ford, - - - - - - - - 503 Maple Avenue
Addie P. Burr, - - - - - 431 Fourth Street, N. W.
Mattie Lemon, - - - - - - - 347 Wallach Place
Nellie Walker, - - - - - - 1011 M Street, N. W.
Nannie Skillman, - - - - 234 New Jersey Avenue
Rachel Coffin, - - - - - - - - - Muirkirk, Md.
Mary Bradford, - - - - - - 707 C Street, N. W.
Ada Stinemetz, - - - - - - 1515 O Street, N. W.

1889

Mary Alice Woodson, - - - - - St. Joseph, Mo.
Florence Leyden De Pauw, - - New Albany, Ind.
Jessie Christopher, - - - - 2016 R Street, N. W.
Mary Force, - - - 524 Mabry Avenue, Selma, Ala.
Anna Sanborn King, - 1315 Twelfth Street, N. W.
Florence Rebecca Young, 1707 Thirteenth Street, N. W.
Eugenia Keen, - - - - - - - - Evansville, Ind.
Louise McWilliams, - - - - - - - Dwight, Ill.

CONSTITUTION

Article I

THIS Society shall be known as the Alumnae Association of Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Article II

Every graduate of the Institution shall be considered an active and life-member of this Association.

Article III

The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer and an Editorial Committee of three. These shall together constitute a Board of Directors, and shall be elected annually, a majority of all the votes cast being necessary to a choice.

Article IV

The President shall preside at all meetings, and in her absence one of the Vice-Presidents shall act in her stead.

The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Association, and present an annual Report.

The Recording Secretary shall keep an accurate record of the minutes of all meetings, and read the Annual Memoir.

The Treasurer shall receive all money collected as dues from members, and shall pay out the same only upon order from the President; she shall keep a careful account of the financial affairs of the Association, a report of which she shall present at the expiration of her term of office.

Article V

The Board of Directors shall have power to call meetings, fill vacancies occasioned by death or resignation and otherwise conduct the general affairs of the Association. Three members of this board shall constitute a quorum.

Article VI

(*As amended*)

The regular meetings of this Association shall be two business meetings and a Reunion. The first business meeting shall be held on the second Saturday in January, for the purpose of arranging the program for the Reunion, and for the appointment of the necessary committees. The second business meeting shall be held on the first Saturday in May, for election of officers. The Reunion shall be held on the Saturday preceding Commencement, at 11 A.M.

Seven members of the Association, three of whom belong to the Board of Directors, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Article VII

This Constitution may be altered or amended at the May meeting by the vote of a majority of members present, seven members constituting a quorum.

Article VIII

The Editorial Committee shall edit and publish an Annual, to be issued before July 1st, and to consist of original articles contributed by members only.

Article IX

There shall be an annual tax of one dollar upon each member, to meet the expenses of publishing the Annual. There shall also be an annual tax upon each resident member, to defray the expenses of the Reunion, the amount to be determined at the May meeting.

REPORT
OF
THE ANNUAL REUNION, 1889

THE Annual Reunion of the Mount Vernon Seminary Alumnae Association was held Saturday morning, June 1, 1889.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. Louise Prentiss True. After a vocal duet by Mrs. Maggie Clarke Church and Miss Brouse, the class of '89 entered and was introduced by Miss Porte.

Miss De Pauw, on behalf of her class, responded to the President's address of welcome.

The roll was then called and thirty-three members responded to their names, after which the following program was rendered:

1. Piano Solo, - - - - - Miss Rachel Coffin
2. Essay, - - - - - Miss Cornelia I. Morgan
3. Recitation, - - - - Miss Carolyn E. Porte
4. Vocal Solo, - - - - - Miss Anna DeRossett
5. Essay, - - - - - - Miss H. B. Walker
6. Recitation, - - - - - - - Miss Bailey
7. Vocal Solo, - - - - - Frau Prof. Naumann

The Society then adjourned and luncheon was served.

Rachel Coffin,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for the Year Ending June, 1889

Balance in the treasury, June, 1888,	$27.37	
Received from dues - - -	34.00	
		$61.37
Expended during the year - -		$24.87
Balance, June, 1889 - - -		$36.50

Mrs. Maggie Clarke Church,
Treasurer.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '89

BY THE PRESIDENT

NOT many miles from this city, on the banks of the Potomac, stands the historic mansion of Mt. Vernon. From thence it was that Washington went forth to fight the battles of the Republic, and thither when the wars were at an end his willing footsteps were directed, that he might renew the associations of earlier years, meet again his oldtime neighbors and friends, and mark the progress and the changes that time had wrought. I doubt whether the assurance of heroic labors well-performed, or of victories achieved in a good cause, brought more happiness to his heart than the sight of his old home and of the familiar faces that greeted him at Mt. Vernon. Here was peace amidst pleasing recollections and friendly ties renewed.

And so it is with us, fellow-alumnae, as we meet again to-day in this our Mt. Vernon, in this seminary which bears the name of the patriot's homestead, and from which we have passed out to encounter the duties of life.

We meet again to renew our old associations with each other and with our loved and honored principal and teachers. To-day we shall dismiss the realities of the present and live only in the past. Here, within the chapel walls, we seem, for the while, to have left behind us the cares and turmoils of life, and are once more happy school girls, living over the varied incidents of our school-life and thinking fondly of the loved associates who have drifted from us.

Not least among our enjoyments stands the pleasure of welcoming these new members to our association to-day. We greet you cordially, members of the

class of '89, as fellow-alumnae,—as those who have received intellectual nourishment at the same hands as ourselves and share our interest and pride in a common Alma Mater. We feel we shall not look to you in vain for assistance for sustaining and building up our association. You enter our ranks at a time when there is much to encourage us; our members realize more fully than before the pleasure and advantage of continued union with our beloved school; there is for the first time a balance in our treasury; and the speedy publication of our Annual is a matter of certainty. With your kindly co-operation and sympathy, may we not expect that our intercourse will be more profitable and delightful than hitherto, and that, as an association, we shall reflect more credit upon our Alma Mater!

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF '89*

MRS. PRESIDENT AND LADIES OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

I THANK you for the cordial welcome so kindly extended by you to the class of '89. We cannot but feel that we are taking grave responsibilities upon ourselves in becoming "old girls," for, in our eyes, they have ever been clothed with all the graces and all the virtues. Whether we shall ever be able to share the exalted place you hold in our dear Principal's heart remains to be seen, but knowing her large charity and loving kindness, we are hopeful. We trust, that we shall, as you have ever done, confer honor and dignity upon our Alma Mater. Again we thank you for your kind reception and hope that the ties which bind us together may strengthen as the years go by.

* By Miss Florence De Pauw.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MAMMY RIA

IN looking over some family relics not long ago, we came across an old-fashioned daguerreotype of our dear old nurse, "Mammy Ria." She has on a gay-striped dress, a bright blue turban, or "head-hank-cher," as she used to call it, wrapped with Oriental grace about her head, and is holding a mite of a white baby, smaller and whiter in contrast with the strong black arms so tenderly folded about it. Her dear old face, so kind and full of benevolence, brought up many sweet recollections of her faithfulness and tender love, which really seemed greater for her "white chillun" than for her own. The way she petted and scolded by turns, sometimes threatening us when very unruly with the higher powers, Father and Mother, but always sheltering and defending and proving a never-failing source of comfort in times of trouble! If anything like a whipping occurred, she would be "perfectly furious," and cry over us as if we were martyrs.

It was a peculiar relation that existed between the white children of the South and their black mammies—one that is not quite easy to describe. There was the tenderest love between them—almost that of mother and child—and at the same time a feeling of comradeship and equality, due, perhaps, to the simple-hearted, child-like disposition of the negroes, who found in the child a simplicity of heart and mind that made them entirely congenial, and put them on a common footing. Though they allowed little familiarity and no trespassing beyond a certain point, there

was something about them that made the child feel an instinctive sense of superiority; yet they had a way of controlling and pacifying unlike that of any one else, and children were never so good nor so happy as when in their company.

One way Mammy Ria had of "keeping us straight," was to put us to bed at night without a story, if we had been disobedient during the day. Of course we loved to have her tell us stories better than anything she could do for us. As a rule she was lenient, but on one point she never gave in; she was very strict about her "white chillun playin' wid little niggers," and for this we often missed our story, to our sad disappointment, for there was something about the little negro babies which made them very amusing and interesting to the white children. Many, many times we have gone to bed begging for "just one tale," and have her say "Lord ha' mussy on my soul, you done forgit how you been playin' wid dem black chillun, ain' you—an' you knows I don' 'low dat. You tink I ain' 'quainted wid how you does; no, honey; no tale dis night." But often she would sing to us, and the old tales about the Bees and the Bee-martins, bre'h Fox and bre'h Rabbit, with the variations and morals, which her imagination would suit to our peculiar needs, charmed our childish fancies. The words of one of her songs that was a particular favorite of ours went something like this:

Sad'day night and Sunday, too,
De pretty gal's in my mind,
Monday morning jes' 'fore day
De white folk's got me gwine.

De raccoon he's a mighty man
To ramble in de dark,
He soon forgits to curl his tail
When he hears ole Ringold bark.

De squirrel he carries de bushy tail
De 'possum totes de bare,
De rabbit's got no tail at all
'Cep' a little bit er bunch er hair.

Sometimes instead of telling us tales, she would relate

some of her own experiences. Once there was going to be a wedding in the family, and as none of us had ever seen a marriage, we were all curiosity about it, and asked Mammy Ria what people did at weddings. She said she "knowd mighty well what tuck place at hers," and after some persuasion she told us of it. "Lord, Honey, dere sho' was some high old times when me an' Jeff tuck one anoder; dat was when we all was back in ole Virginny. * * * I never bothered nuthin' 'bout Jeff, 'kase he was a free nigger and mighty upity—he ole marse' done sot him free when he died; but den he kep' after me, and kep' after me, so I jes' said I'd have him, 'kase he pester me so. Jeff he followed de trade ob oyster shuckin,' an' had to git his license once a year, and when hit come time fur him to git de marriage license, he went to Marse' George jest de same; an' Marse' George, he say, 'well, Jeff, you come fur your license?' Jeff he say, 'yes, sah.' He thought ob course Marse' George mean de marriage license, 'cause he such a fool he thought everybody know *he* gwine to git married. An' law, honey, dat night, when de supper was ready, an' all de folks done 'rived, young Missus done fix me up in a white muslin dress and one of her reefs on my haid. De preacher done dere wid his book ready to nunite us in de holy bondage of matrimony, an' we was a standin' up 'fore all de folks, when de preacher axed to see de license. Jeff, he mighty biggity like, pull hit outen his red jacket pocket, what he had on, an' han' it to de preacher. Arter he done look at it he say, 'Bre'h Jeff, dis here ain' right, dis here is er oyster license, I karn' nunite you on dat.' Den arter a lot ob jawin' an' talkin' 'twixt 'em, Jeff he owned as how he ain' 'xactly told' Marse' George dat he gwine to git married, 'kase he thought he knowed it, but he said hit will be jes' de same, we can git married to-night an' I can git de license early in de mornin'. Den I spoke up fur de first time, and I seys, seys I, 'No, sah, *dat* we wont, I isn't gwine marry no nigger on er oyster license.

Den Jeff he beg an' beg, 'kase he was afeard I wouldn't marry him sho' 'nuf arter dat, but when he see I wasn' gwine disqualify myself, he 'lowd, 'Well, ladies an' gent'mens, we will eat ob de feas' to-night, an' to-morrow we will hab de marriage.' So you see, honey, we come mighty nigh havin' two weddin's, but den I wasn' gwine marry no free nigger on a oyster license."

A great treat to us was to go on Sunday afternoon to Mammy Ria's house, which was in the yard, some distance from the main house. We were not allowed to do this for fear we might worry her, as it was her time for resting, but sometimes we managed to slip off, and she would smuggle us in, and the good times we had were all the sweeter for having been stolen. Mammy Ria always dressed up on Sunday afternoons, and took great care with her hair. She would card it all out carefully with a large comb used for carding cotton. Then she would wrap it with white thread in little pigtails all over her head, and arrange her "head-hank-cher" in some especially becoming way.

She nearly always had company, and her hospitable old cupboard never failed to furnish some kind of refreshments. They usually consisted of a jug of persimmon beer and a pan of soft gingerbread, which, to our childish tastes, seemed the perfection of good things. Uncle Jeff, being something of a preacher, expounded the Scriptures and led the singing,—he giving out the words and all joining in the chorus. The rich voices of the negroes, so full of melody, and capable of expressing so much feeling and pathos, made the sweetest, most touching music in the world. Their songs seemed to come right from their hearts, and spoke much of their warmth and goodness. One old negro, Uncle Gabe who was a favorite singer on the plantation, was always called on to sing, and his fertile imagination was generally equal to supplying something new and surprising for any occasion. He was a very old man, almost toothless, and with hair and beard as white as

snow. This favorite song told something of his own life, and his feebleness and quavering old voice made it very pathetic as he sang:

Old marsa he done gone,
Old misses she gone too,
And out in de orchard dey is lyin',
But their souls to heben are gone,
An I am lef' to mourn,
But den, I knows I is a gwine,
Oh yes; I's a gwine dar too.

CHORUS.—Oh yes; I's gwine dar too,
Oh yes; I's gwine dar too,
An' set by ole massa's cheer like I used to do,
Fur I'se heerd ole massa say
Dat on de judgment day
De Lord would remember dis ole *niggar* too,
Darfore, halle, hallelujah, bless de Lord.

De March wind it rave
Above ole massa's grave,
An' de ole pine tree is a sighin';
I rakes away de snow
An' let in de sunshine's glow,
Fur I know dars whar I's gwine;
Oh, yes; I's gwine dar too.

I looks up in de sky,
Wid my ole blind eye,
And I tink I hear ole massa cryin'
An' I see him setten dar
In his ole rockin' char
An' he say, "Ole Gabe it's time you's gwine,
Yes, it's time you's gwine dar too.

"A good niggar you has been,
You laid yer crop by clean,
To do right you's always been a tryin';
So now lay down yer hoe,
An' git ready to go,
Fur Gabe I know it's time yer gwine,
It's time yer war gwine dar too."

CHORUS.—Oh yes; I's gwine dar too,
Oh yes; I's gwine dar too,
An' set by ole massa's cheer like I used to do,
Fur I'se heerd ole massa say
Dat on de judgment day
De Lord would remember dis ole *niggar* too,
Darfore, halle, hallelujah, bless de Lord.

One Sunday, Mammy Ria said there was going to be some "big times" out at her house; her son Dave

was gwine to be 'xamined fur de ministry, sod at de next anniversary ob de bishop he could be nordained. We all managed to get out that day, and found all of the church officials there, with Dave, who was looking most important and grave. Uncle Gabe was the presiding officer, and in most solemn tones he said, "Bre'h David, what does you know 'bout de doctrines ob de church?" He did not know much. "What 'bout de history ob dat inshtitution?" He knew less. "Well den, what does you know, Bre'h David?" He knew something about the Bible. "Well den, Bre'h David, will you tell us something 'bout de blessed book." After some hesitation Dave said he would tell them about Jezebel.

"De woman Jezebel sat a lookin' from de winder ober de gate, an' de King and all his hosts went a ridin' along, an' de King saw de woman, an' he say, trow her ober de wall, an' dey trow her ober, an he say, trow her ober agin, an' dey trow agin, an' he say, trow her ober seben times, yea, sebenty times seben, an' dey trow her ober, an' de dogs come an' licked her sores; an' dey gathered ob de fragments dat remained twelve baskets full. After dese things de woman died also; now, in the resurrection whose wife shall she be?"

They all, after due consideration, decided that Bre'h David was fully qualified to preach. Mammy Ria's good old face beamed with happiness and pride, and her voice never sounded sweeter than when she struck into her favorite song:

Oh! my little soul's gwine to shine, shine,
Oh! my little soul's gwine to shine,
Bury my body in de east ob de garden,
Bury my body in de west ob de garden,
Don't care where you bury my body,
Oh! my little soul's gwine to shine, shine,
Oh! my little soul's gwine to shine.

CORNELIA I. MORGAN.

OUR BRIGHT IDEA

EARLY in the Fall of '89, four of us formed a class for the study of history under the auspicies of the Boston School.

We selected for our guide a little book by Seebohm, charmingly written, on what he terms "The German Revolution," and meeting on alternate Saturday afternoons, bravely recited our quota after the fitful preparation of the week.

Was it the monotony because there were only girls, or was it a laudable desire to extend our pleasure that prompted some one to suggest meeting in the evening instead and inviting a few friends to join us?

How well I remember that first breaking of the ice! We had thought of costuming ourselves in "Old English" style but abandoned the idea, took the Crusades as our topic and "crammed." My head fairly ached with knowledge and we luckless girls sat there, reciting in turn through all the causes, leaders, routes and results in the good old way learned from Labberton at M. V. S., while the youths gazed in speechless amazement that four small heads could carry all we knew.

By the next time our idea had received an addition. The theme was the De Medici and those halcyon days in Florence when state-craft, poetry and art flourished under the benign influence of Lorenzo the Magnificent. How well our review fitted us to enjoy the fine lecture by Stoddard to which we listened a week or two later!

Our number had been increased to sixteen, which the hostess intended to divide into groups of four. She had notified guests that they were to share in the

discussion, and prepared tablets containing subjects on each of which we were to ask three questions.

To correctly frame these, required as much ingenuity as to briefly give answers thereto, an experience of which we availed ourselves later, by preparing questions, duplicate sets being made for each table.

We now branched out, taking the great names of England in the Sixteenth Century—that Golden Age when the chalk-cliffed isle was a nest of singing birds.

With what delight we read again, as in our school-days, of Raleigh and the chivalrous act by which he won the admiration of his queen; of his wager which for the first time, turned smoke into gold; his colonization of the new continent; his imprisonment in the tower when he wrote the "History of the World"; and his brave meeting of death on the scaffold.

We studied Shakespeare's predecessors in the drama, his masterpieces, their heroines and the actresses who have most ably portrayed their faults or virtues; his home and burial place with its quaint epitaph.

One slip asked how Henry VIII. differed from other men as a suitor? The responses were various—often witty—perhaps more so than that culled from the columns of an alleged funny paper: "He married 'em first and *axed* 'em afterward." I will not dwell on the captivating Essex, the knightly Sidney, Bacon "the brightest and meanest of mankind"; Thomas More, beloved of all, and that gallant host whose names add lustre to the reign of the Virgin Queen.

Now a word as to our *modus operandi*. Partners were chosen by ways diverse, to which I will refer later, and we will now imagine four seated at each table. The questions, written and numbered, lie before them. A lady asks the first of her neighbor, who, if he answers correctly, places upon his tally-card, daintily ornamented by the brush of a guest, a tiny gold star, then in his turn propounds a conundrum; when the set is exhausted, those having the brightest records (lady and gentleman), progress to the next

table, when to make the affair more social, a change of partners takes place. New supplies of questions; more stars; other changes; the game is ended; and the owner of the most gilded tally receives a prize. The "booby" proves so alluring we decide on a second prize instead.

When next we met, how wide our field! "The Nineteenth Century." Three of us glanced over the political measures of the times, but not a point prepared was touched upon. Interesting lines of thought were nevertheless suggested—topics to the discussion of which an entire evening might profitably be given were whisked out of the way in a few moments—to the lasting regret of argumentative spirits present: Home Rule, Monopolies, Labor's War with Capital, the new Italian Penal Code, the Tariff, the Fisheries Question, Steam as a Motor, with some smattering of modern philosophy, poetry and art.

You see we had forgotten our original program. How wild our wandering! Holy Wars in the Orient, Anarchy in the Occident! From the Twelfth Century to the Twentieth.

Crystallizing our work somewhat at our next reunion, we decided on Boston, which gave scope for broad treatment, and divided it chronologically into Historical, Revolutionary, A Literary Centre, The City Proper.

Among the questions I find the following: What is the oldest college in the United States? When and by whom founded? When and where the first printing press set up? When the first newspaper published? What author is a grandson of a hero of Bunker Hill? Who laid the corner stone of the monument erected on that famous spot? On whose tombstone the following: "He dared to lead where any dared to follow?" Who was the first Postmaster-General? Who introduced our simple system of dollars and cents? What Bostonian delivered the Fourth of July oration at the Centennial? Who owned a

cane made from a spar of the ship on which the Star Spangled Banner was written? What became of the "spreading chestnut tree?"—and on, and on, *ad infinitum*.

Our last and most delightful gathering was on Wednesday the 29th of May, when we discussed the poet Bryant. A topic like this more genuinely developed our plan of culture and improvement, for no amount of general information sufficed; it required special study and preparation.

Parke Godwin's life and works of the poet were selected as an authority, and the winner of the prize bore to her home a fine photograph of Bryant, handsomely mounted.

The questions were well chosen, and as a result of the evening we found that two of our poets, Longfellow and Bryant, were descended from that Priscilla who so naively asked John Alden: "Why don't you speak for yourself?"—that Bryant received his degree from the same college that graduated Garfield; that to him Burns was the prince of Scottish poets, and Old Ironsides the most spirited of naval lyrics.

When leaving his home to try his fortune as a lawyer, Bryant settled at Plainfield, a village seven miles distant. As he walked up the hills, forlorn and desolate, he looked upon the rosy splendor of the sunset in rapt admiration, and saw upon the illuminated horizon "a solitary bird make wing." I need not tell you to what poem, "imperishable as our language," the sight gave rise—nor with a knowledge of the circumstances—how grand the closing lines become:

> "He who from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky
> Thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright."

I would weary you ere I told half of what I learned concerning his political life, his connection with the *North American Review* and *Atlantic*, his association with Cooper, whose "Leatherstocking" he re-

garded as the noblest character portrayed in fiction; his baptism abroad at the age of sixty-four; his long and able editing of the *Evening Post*, a position left vacant when he died, advanced in years and crowned with the love and admiration of thousands.

To add greater interest to a poetical evening, choice selections might be recited or sung—views of the home and surroundings at different periods, with photographs of the author and his friends be laid at hand.

The choosing of partners gave room for bright ideas. On our Florence evening, to the gentlemen were given cards containing the names of women famous in fiction, and to the girls, masculine characters with whom they were associated, as Laura, the beloved of Petrarch; Robert Elsmere and the Puritan Catherine and David Copperfield and his child-wife.

Again, a gentlemen chose from a bunch of gaily colored ribbons, his favorite hue, and found the girl who had displayed like taste in her selection.

On Wednesday, Bryant's "A Lifetime" was separated into couplets and even for him who was not familiar with the poem, the rhyme unerringly found a mate.

For Easter, "The Poets of the Resurrection" might be discussed amid those fitting types of immortality, Spring flowers—anemones, bluetts, arbutus—and other shy dwellers of the woods; buttercups in gaudy gowns and narcissus proudly boasting of the ancestry with which Greek fable has so charmingly endowed him.

Our work for the Winter is done; we lay it aside with regret to renew with fresh vigor in the Fall.

One of our number has filed a caveat in the expectation of giving our scheme to students at home or in school, in the shape of cards, properly graded and arranged.

If pecuniary results are magnificent, why shouldn't she indulge that secret desire of her heart—secret rashly confided to me and thus rudely divulged—to visit some day the historic scenes of England and the continent.

HATTIE BELLE WALKER.

PERSONALS

MRS. SOMERS, accompanied by Miss Florence De Pauw, of the class of '89, Miss Roberta Tousey, Miss Lizzie Paine and Misses Agnes and Louise McNair will visit the Pacific coast, Alaska and Yellowstone Park this summer. The party expects to sail for Alaska from Victoria on the steamer "Corona," July 2d. After Miss DePauw's return from Alaska, she and her mother, accompanied by Miss Carolyn Porte, will sail for Europe for a year's travel and study.

Miss Scull's old pupils will rejoice to learn that her year abroad, the greater part of which was spent in her beloved Greece, was all her brightest dreams had promised. She spent the entire time in study, in explorations and in taking photographs, many of which will prove of much value to future students of Greek Archæology.

Misses Willis, Luce and Norton, of the class of '87, have been spending the last year in European travel. When last heard from they were in Florence.

The resident Alumnae will be pleased to learn that Misses Jessie and Edith Lacey are about to make their home in Washington; their father, the Honorable Edward I. Lacey, having been recently appointed Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury.

The pleasure of the social portion of our last reunion was greatly enhanced by the presence of Mrs. Mellie Haydock Camp of the class of '86, with her beautiful baby daughter.

Miss Nannie Ames, of the class of '81, is spending this summer in Europe, traveling with her father and the family of her uncle Rev. Chas. Hall, D.D., of Brooklyn.

Miss Easton is doing noble work in Cawnpore, India, where she is at the head of a most successful missionary school for girls. Miss Easton returned to America year before last for a year's rest, but her heart was in the work she had left and she returned to India at the end of six months.

The Commencement exercises this year were saddened by the absence of Miss Louise McWilliams, who had been suddenly called home shortly before the close of the school year by the serious illness of her brother. Her vacant chair, draped with the class colors, was a graceful reminder of the absent member of the class.

The pupils who last year enjoyed so keenly Miss Pindell's "News Class" will be grieved to learn that she met with a most distressing accident last summer while traveling in Italy, which her friends fear may disable her for life.